

Home Reverie

by Pseudonym-Alice

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Summary: A challenge accepted off of tumblr, in which I had a lovely dream that Patrick Turner had gotten a wee bit jealous that his daughter would rather have been held by her mother (his lovely wife Shelagh)! A little bit of fluff (and past explored angst) is never too much!

Home Reverie

****Author's Note:**** **My first short little fic thanks to a lovely gal, mg-bsl381 on Tumblr, she's awesome for challenging me to write a dream I had on our lovely Turners into a ficlet. I hope you all enjoy this little bit of fluff and my first of many one-shots to come! Please R/R as well!**

'Had it really been a year and a half since his family was truly complete?' Patrick thought to himself as he watched his one year old daughter squirm around silently in her cot. She would never know (perhaps one day) the struggles his wife and him bared until the coming days of her adoption. Coupled by the internal scarring of Shelagh's infertility and his, the mental scarring left after the war.

Scars hidden from the outside world and dealt with in unhealthy ways. Since the day of initial discharge, Patrick threw himself into work, trying without end to rectify the societal and individual mistakes the war brought out. His choice meant an unspoken distance between his late wife Marianne and his newborn son Tim. Convinced it was all for the best, that was how things stayed (but we all know too well things never stay static and can one day change for the better).

Shelagh dealt with the blow of infertility quite hard and questioned the good Lord. 'Was this a punishment brought on by Him? For a choice to live a life of secularism, which was met with its initial struggles and now this' thought Shelagh. How could God punish the beauty of love? The answer was no. God doesn't give us what we can't

handle. Shelagh accepted it was never a punishment, but it still didn't alleviate the twinge of pain her shortcomings brought out.

The knowledge that their love would never transcend expressed words of endearment or the linkage of their bodies into a miniature version of dark brown hair or dirty blonde locks was hard. Nor the mixture of their eyes, stark brown and ice blue, which could have yielded a child with hazel brown or green eyes.

>Shelagh threw herself into work as well; house chores, the recuperation of Timothy, the choir, and more. All to keep her within control and to know she had an impact on something, if not nothing.<p>

The continued struggle didn't end there, for their own demons were brought to light by that horrid adoption lady. Their problems only seemed to escalate and thoughts never entertained seemed to surfaceâ€|

>But nothing is as powerful as love and the acceptance of humility.<p>

* * *

><p>"I didn't speak when I should have."<p>

"No. I didn't let you speak when I should have done. "

"But we're speaking now." His eyes were full of relief and affection for a woman that (in all honesty) never should have been his.

"Yes and let that be the thing that matters." After days of solitude, their hands were clasped in union of acceptance and loveâ€|

* * *

><p>Of course life isn't always perfect, but what Patrick had was pretty close to it. One year before felt like a century, now was where he belonged. The flat of his family; a cheeky son whom he loved and knew reciprocated the love of both his parents and his sister, a little bundle of additional joy. Along with his wife, sound asleep, who was ever so beautiful in her slumber. Perhaps he could treat her to some breakfast made by him and their daughter. Along with a feeding or change to follow, which would be completed before Shelagh woke up.<p>

A knock came from their bedroom door, followed by her name.

>"Mom? Mom can you please make Angela to stop crying. It's barely time for me to be waken up. I'm still a growing boy who needs as much sleep as possible."<p>

"Timothy? I'm sorry I must of been extremely tired, let me get her- Wait, is she downstairs with your father?"

"Yes and he should know by now she favors you more."

"Timothy." Shelagh smiled while trying to be stern with him. Yet it was always hard with Timothy and liked the thought (a wee bit) of her daughter calling out for her.

"I'm only stating an observation, but please get her to stop. I'm off

to catch a few more minutes before I have to witness any mushy stuff to come. For I've learned from trial and error that if I get up too early, I soon regret it."

"Timothy!" Laughed Shelagh as she made her way downstairs and heard the increased wailing of her daughter.

"Patrick dear, give her here."

>Not surprised by the arrival of his wife, Patrick was still reluctant to admit defeat.
"Wait, only a moment now and she'll quite down. She loved me only 10 minutes ago."

"Well from what I heard from Timothy, it might have been a wee longer than that."

"Ha, I beg to differ. I shall not surrender. See she's- oh dear."

>By the initial presence of her mother, Angela seemed to become less squirmy as she waited to be transferred over. Yet nothing happened and Angela's wailing only grew larger by not being held by her mother.<p>

Patrick finally conceded and handed Angela over to her mother.

>"Really Patrick. You know she'll go through this from time to time." Rewarded by a quiet Angela, Shelagh felt a little triumphant and was once more rewarded by a pouting Patrick (which she couldn't resist to kiss).<p>

"I'm still not satisfied though. Abandoned by my daughter, no breakfast to surprise anyone with and barely a peck from my wife." He said with a soft glint in his eye, which didn't go unnoticed by Shelagh as she made her way to the kitchen.

"A dafty man your father is my angel. Perhaps later when he isn't as silly, he'll be handsomely rewarded." She said loudly so the kitchen barrier wouldn't obscure her words.

A broad smile was plastered on his face as he followed suit and thought how perfectly everything seems to fall into place.

End
file.